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pains I took, I could not succeed in making myself understood. My reasonings were cut short by bursts of zeal; they spoke to me only of the scandal which I had occasioned; and always opposed to me the passage of Scripture on the miracle of Joshua, as the victorious piece of my process. This brought to my recollection another passage where the language of the sacred book is evidently conformable to popular ideas, since it is said that the *heavens are solid, and polished like a mirror of brass*. This example appeared to me one in point to prove that the expression of Joshua might be similarly interpreted; and the consequence seemed to me perfectly just. But, no regard whatever was paid to it; and all the answer I received consisted of shrugs of the shoulders." He was condemned, and on the 22d of June, 1633, he was obliged to pronounce the abjuration dictated to him:—"I abjure, curse, and detest the error and heresy of the earth's motion," etc. Stamping upon the earth, he said, in an under-tone: "*E pur si muove*" (it moves notwithstanding). Thus were the world's benefactors rewarded.

No, my friend, I don't believe the story of the old man having been put to the torture. The Father Inquisitors were mortal, and their human folly was tempered by human pity. They acted just as you and I would have acted, under the same circumstances. Instead of arraigning Rome, let us arraign that system of theological interpretation which comes between us and the Almighty, and claim and give the spiritual liberty of standing, with God's word in hand, alone before the Searcher of all hearts.

The remains of the great Galileo rest here, in company with those of his most illustrious countrymen; his name is a household word in every land, which grateful men utter with benediction; and let us, touched it may be by his disembodied spirit, forgive even his persecutors. His bones lay neglected nearly a century, but over them this monument has been built, and times are changed.

We have lingered long among the tombs, and have no time left to examine pictures by Cimabue, Andrea del Sarto and Mino da Fiesoli; frescoes by Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Agnolo, and Taddeo Gaddi; sculptures by Donatello, and others; or the pulpit of Benedetto da Majano, an exquisite piece of art.

In the crypt is buried King Joseph Bonaparte, but after having had our deeper feelings stirred at the tombs of the illustrious dead, we take no interest in a perishable name. His wife and daughter are buried in another part of the church. Before leaving this pantheon of Italy, we will cast one look of sympathy back upon the tomb of the Countess of Albany, whose spirit we have already thanked for Canova's monument to Alfieri.

Here, in the *Piazza di Santa Croce*, in front of the church, the Florentine republic was proclaimed, six hundred years ago. Since then, during those half a dozen centuries, what an inheritance has been gained for us, by twenty generations of toiling, suffering men! Every step we take, we tread, in more senses than one, upon the ashes of the dead.

NATURE'S LESSONS

BY PROF. IRA W. ALLEN, OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

THIS is a beautiful world in which we live. The account of its creation, as given by inspiration, is one of inimitable beauty, simplicity, and grandeur. This little world of ours, a "wandering star," to say nothing about the other countless planets and stars of the illimitable universe, presents an inexhaustible study to man. God pronounced it good. It came from His hand, beautiful and grand; and whatever of deformity and discord has since appeared, has been the result of ignorance and sin. God can create nothing but what is good and harmonious, for He is the perfection of wisdom and love and beauty. There is no end, indeed, to the magnificent pictures, the inimitable blendings of light and shades, and the sweet voices of nature; for to the eye of him whose heart is in unison with the spirit of the great All-Father, she presents one continued moving panorama of highest charms, and into his ear she breathes the sweetest melodies, while his soul is ravished by a thousand unseen influences sent forth by the beneficent messengers of the Highest Love.

Such faintly is the world in which we live to Him whose eye can see, whose

ear can hear, and whose heart can feel; and I am happy in the belief that the number of such is increasing.

I rejoice, therefore, in all associations whose object is to cultivate and patronize the *fine arts*, and to educate an appreciative taste. Christianity and æsthetic culture are intimately connected; for where the Bible goes, there sooner or later must art flourish.

In no written or printed work are there found such inimitable word-paintings as in the Bible.

It is a vast "*Multum in parvo*" of the good and the beautiful, and an inexhaustible treasury for the pencil and burin of the artist, and for the tongue of the orator! What, therefore, God has joined together let no Vandal hand try to sever. Let Christianity and æsthetic science, sister messengers of the Highest Love, go hand in hand, and visit all nations.

Who can doubt the divinity of the beautiful, and the inspiration of art? Are they not agencies in God's hand for devoting the race? Is not the highest civilization the most liberal patron of the æsthetic arts? He who doubts the divinity of the beautiful, belies his own nature; for there is no healthy soul that does not enjoy the smiles of nature, and the attractions of true art. Some of the highest and noblest faculties of the mind find their true life only in æsthetic culture. Let true genius, then, be encouraged, and true art patronized, in every laudable way, by both individuals and associations.

RUSKIN ON CHEAP PICTURES.—He believed there was a certain maximum price beyond which we ought never to go in payment for a picture. He said it seriously, and he meant it, that we might buy pictures by the yard, or by the square foot. Turner, in his greatest power, when he was an old man of seventy-two, made drawings eighteen inches by twelve inches, for which he received seventy-five guineas. This was at the rate of about fifty guineas per square foot, for drawings by the greatest artist in the country. Large drawings should not be paid for at a proportionate rate. If we went beyond two hundred guineas, fifty guineas per square yard was sufficient. Then there was another point to be considered. We should pay our money into the hands of living artists, and not of dead ones.